

## Tramps to Sleep on Shipboard.

The Novel Idea Commissioner Faure Has Conceived and Will Demonstrate.

A Bath the Only Requisite Necessary to Gain Permission to Rest in the Floating Station.

WILL PROVE ABOON TO THE HOMELESS

It is Soon to Be Opened to the "Hobo." Everything Except Rum and Tobacco Will Be Furnished to Make Existence Thereon Pleasant.

Now that the doors of New York station houses are closed to tramps the problem of providing them with a resting place—for they must sleep—is very much in evidence. The man, however, who has come nearest to solving it is John P. Faure, Commissioner of Public Charities, and the product of his brain lies moored to the dock at the East Twenty-sixth street in the form of a great freight barge.

The hold of the barge is as dry as a cork and therefore will make an excellent place for the bachelors and dynamo, as hot water and electric light will be furnished in abundance—the former for all who apply for a night's lodging to bathe in and the latter for illuminating to read by. Both decks will be devoted entirely to sleeping apartments, and though there will be plenty of room, not an inch more than is necessary will be left unoccupied. Although it is not known just how many rooms will be made, it is safe to say that at least 500 will be made. The barge is large enough to be filled with this number snugly, yet comfortably. The lower deck will be spaced off by four rows of staterooms, which, when completed, will resemble the interior of an ocean steamer.

In the stern the main entrance will be located and will be the only means of ingress and egress to the boat. Just at this juncture it is expected a commodious cabin office will be built, and here the lodgers will be received.

About twenty windows two feet square, arranged at intervals of a foot along the side of the boat, will let in the sunlight during the day, also furnishing a means of ventilation. On the second deck the same arrangement of staterooms will be carried out as that pursued below, but instead of an office being erected, the cabin will be a large hall, which will be over-looked by the accommodation.

Commissioner Faure has not as yet decided as to the kind of beds to be used, but it is expected the hammock-like arrangement which is in use at the penitentiary on the island will be the one adopted. This will make much more room and will also be a salutary advantage to the barge.

The barge will accommodate nearly 1,000 people, making it very heavy, but there will be no danger of its capsizing or sinking, because extra ballast will be placed in the hold and the boat will be tied to the dock strongly with heavy ropes.

Steam heat will be used, and it is expected that a heater will be placed in each room, so the occupants will be able to regulate the temperature to suit their own tastes. Admittance can only be gained by the barge after first taking a good bath in the tubs and showers on the boat. This, in fact, is the only drawback to success, as some of the tramps who inhabit and infect this city have not in the least a voluntary abstinence in years and could not bring their minds around to breaking their "dark" records, consequently the boat will be from this standpoint, a failure.

The bathing part of the boat's arrangement will be replete with the very latest devices for removing the soil which will settle on some people, more especially tramps, and the ordeal of washing will not only be a trying one, but decidedly unpleasant, as every vestige of dirt must be removed, no matter how long it has been standing, before the lodger can go to his bunk. The decks of the barge will be scrubbed every morning by lodgers as a part payment for their resting place and breakfast. As it was not deemed advisable, so it was decided to use soap and water to preserve cleanliness. The lodgers will be given towels and soap when they make application to the office. Their names will be taken, and when the number of their room is given them they will retire to the bath, where, under the watchful eye of an attendant, they will indulge in a fifteen-minute dip. After coming from the bathroom each lodger is supposed to retire to his room and enjoy nature's sweet restorative until 6 o'clock the following morning, when towels are issued and the boat is made ready to receive another lot.

Since the barge arrived at the Island piers and saws in the hands of the police have been constantly at work, and although the force of men has been comparatively small, the amount of work accomplished has been wonderful. The barge was towed down to her moorings at Twenty-sixth street Wednesday afternoon and a gang of men put on her so many ropes that the paint dry for the first reception of visitors on Friday next, when the police order will go into force. The project has been under consideration for a long time by Commissioner Faure, and it is only lately that his countenance has been undimmed because of the great expense it would necessarily incur.

**Senators' Hair.**  
[Detroit Free Press.]  
Senator Palmer has thick silvery white locks. Senator Voorhees has a heavy mass of beautiful gray hair that was once a deep bronze. Senator Davis, of Minnesota, has only a little fringe of hair left that circles the base of his skull.  
Idam G. Harris, the Democratic leader in the Senate, is excessively bald, and has a large scar on the top of his thick white head.  
Matt Quay has a perfect mane, which he wears rather tumbled. Right on the crown is a bald spot about the size of a dollar.  
Senator Hale, of Maine, has rather thin hair, which he carefully parts in the middle and brushes down until it shines like silk.  
John Sherman, although a deep thinker, has a luxuriant mass of curly gray locks that he combs back from his forehead.  
David H. Hill looks to be the baldest man in the Senate, the small amount of hair he has is jet black, making a striking contrast with his shining scalp.  
Senator McKim, of California, has quite a bit of hair, which he tries to cover with a lock of hair grown long and brushed across it. George Shoup, of Idaho, is entirely bald, or what hair is left is so light in color and so sparsely scattered that it is not to be seen.

**True Love Wins Even in Russia.**  
[Florida Citizen.]  
A Russian girl had her way at Khar'kov recently. Her relatives forced her to consent to marry a man she disliked. When the wedding party appeared in church, however, and she said "No," she would not take the man she said "No." She would not yield to persuasion, and as the party returned home and argued with her. First her parents beat her, then the bridegroom's friends beat her. She was taken back to church weeping, and the service was begun again. But she again said "No," and this time the priest saved her from her relatives.

## Elephant with a Big Brain.

A New Arrival at Central Park Who Performs Interesting Tricks.

Children Likely to Have a Good Time with Duchess Next Summer.

THE LITTLE ONES HER FAVORITES.

If She Is Purchased by the Park Commissioners She May Give Youngsters a Ride in the Howdah Which She Is Trained to Carry.

There is a new elephant in town. It is a she elephant, and her name is Duchess. She is stopping at Central Park, and promises to give the youngsters of New York City more kinds of a good time during the coming Summer than they have known for many a year.

Duchess is essentially a children's elephant. She lays herself out to do those things that please the little folk most. Her chief attraction in the eyes of the youngsters will no doubt be the fact that she is broken to the howdah, and the Park Commissioners being willing she will carry whole truck loads of toddlers about the Park during the coming Summer months. The Duchess does not belong to the Park Department; that is, not yet, though her owners hope to sell her to the Commissioners. She is the property of Al Johnson, who when he is not speculating in elephants builds railroads, steel canal boats and steel rails out in Ohio and Pennsylvania. Mr. Johnson bought her some years ago from the St. Louis Zoological Garden as an attraction for a park that he owns near Allentown, Pa. The Duchess was kept there to make traffic for the trolley line controlled by Mr. Johnson that runs between Allentown and Bethlehem. It was decided some time ago to close this park up, and Duchess journeyed to Boston, where she has been showing in a museum. Now she is under the charge of Donald Burns, the animal dealer, who has given her to the Park Commissioners for six months on trial. If they like her they are to have the privilege of purchasing her. But she is a pretty high-priced sort of an elephant, even though she is only twenty-one years old, and it is said that Mr. Johnson on one occasion refused \$4,000 for her.

But, whether the Park Commissioners decide to take her or not, there are certainly good times ahead for the Duchess, and she promises to develop into one of the star attractions of the Zoo. She is a most good-natured young female, and will let you do almost anything to her. In all her life she has never been known to strike back, and her gentleness of disposition is one of her finest traits. She is warranted to handle the smallest baby in a manner that would give pointers to many a nurse. She has the faculty of picking up things, animate and inanimate, with her trunk in such a delicate manner that she exerts practically no pressure at all. She can take an egg from the floor without cracking it, and as for babies, they never knew what it was to be lifted tenderly until the Duchess has twined her trunk around them.

One of her favorite toys is to load her own howdah with tiny human freight. She will take youngsters after youngsters, lift him clear off the ground and onto her broad back, whence he may clamber into the big saddle with comfort and ease. But there are not very many children who would care to try this experiment at first, so the parents who would permit it are still fewer. So, to overcome these absurd and narrow-minded prejudices, upon which she looks with indulgent disdain, the Duchess has trained herself to get down flat on her belly, spreading all her legs, so that the howdah she is to wear will be only a few feet from the ground.

Duchess has many accomplishments besides her expertness as a carrier. For the benefit of the Journal readers, she showed some of them off the other morning, under the direction of Snyder, her keeper. Her audience was limited to the Journal reporter, Frank Verbeck, the artist; Mrs. Verbeck, and Frank, Jr. But the smallness of the assemblage by no means affected the Duchess's ardor or enthusiasm, and she seemed to draw especial inspiration from the presence of Frank, Jr., whom she promptly set on her back. The young gentleman, who is six years old, is willing to assert now that there is no animal in all this world who knows as much as the Duchess and who can be as fully trusted.

After Master Frank had been lifted down again, Snyder put her ladyship through her paces. She behaved beautifully under his directions, though she had been with him only two or three days, and it was the first occasion on which he had attempted to make her show her tricks.

"Salute!" said Snyder, and up rose the Duchess on her hind legs, making a most graceful and dignified bow with her tremendous head and sweeping a wide circle in the atmosphere with her trunk. It is just possible that the Duchess did not wink, but it looked uncommonly like it.

"Now, then, say your prayers," commanded Snyder. Down she went on her knees and the most devout look overspread her face. The eyes were modestly turned downward, and if she did not fold her hands, she made up for it by twisting her trunk in a knot.

"That will do," the Duchess rose to her feet. "Balance, all." The Duchess swung herself on the two legs on her left side. It looked for all the world as if she were going to topple over, but she didn't seem to be nervous in the least on this score, and she stood there rocking to and fro until Snyder gave the next order, which was to "crawl like a baby." The Duchess went down on her belly and crawled all over the enclosure, imitating exactly the locomotion of a nine-months-old child that sees a milk bottle in one corner of a room, and scuttles over from the other corner to get it.

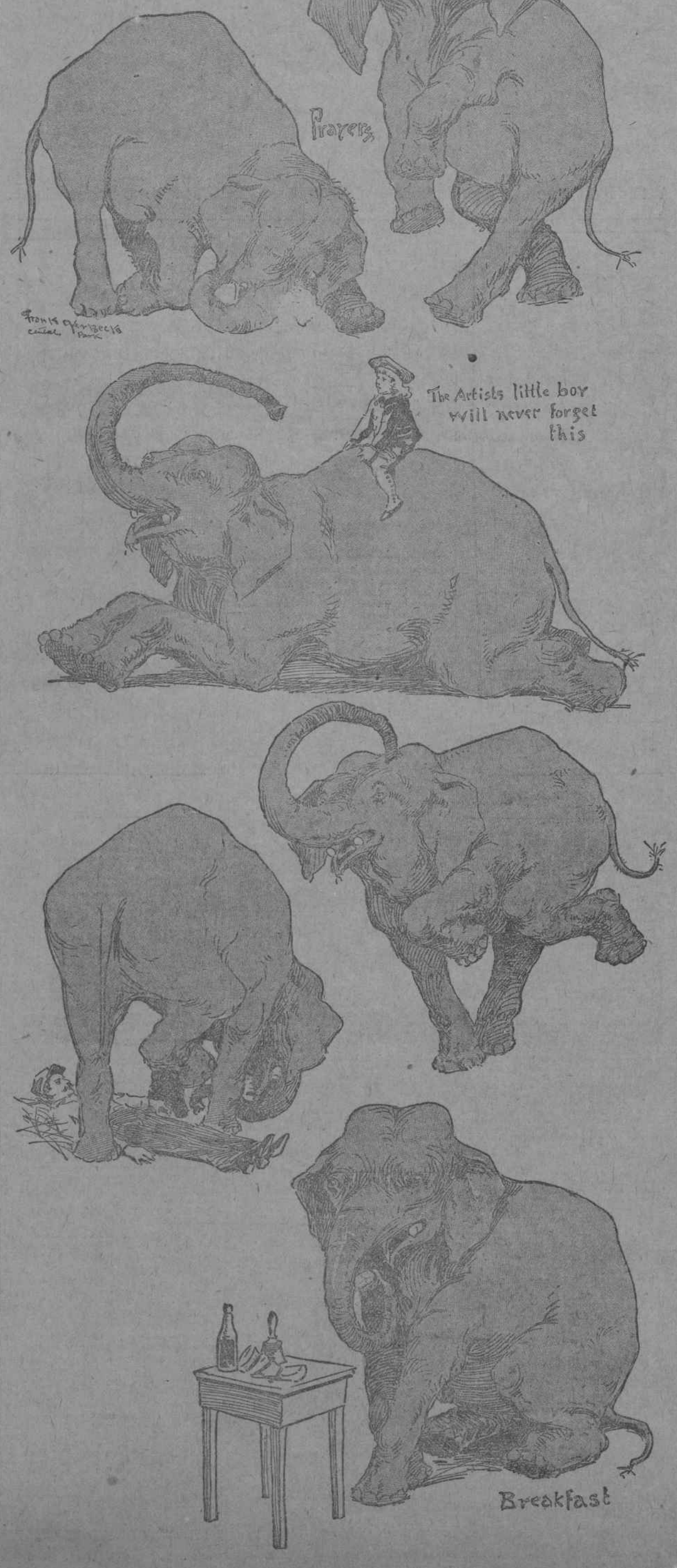
The next act was a walk, and Duchess went through the steps as daintily as though she was the belle of the Patriarch's ball. She seemed to enjoy it, too, quite as much as the Patriarch dancers, perhaps a trifle more.

"I'll try her with a trick that she usually does—that is, walking over her keeper," said Snyder, at this point. "We are kind of strangers yet, and I don't know whether she'll unash me out flat or not, but I think I'll take the chances." Nothing has yet been invented in the way

## THE NEW ELEPHANT AT THE PARK.

She Did All Her Best Tricks the Other Day So That a Journal Artist Might Make Sketches of Her.

of taking chances with elephants that Snyder has not cheerfully taken up, and that he has not been killed long ago is one of the marvels that have been set down in the annals of the Central Park Zoo. But the Duchess is not an animal to take advantage of the confidence of any man. So, as Snyder stretched himself out at full length on the floor of her compartment, she circled round him once or twice, and then, stepping as gingerly as though she were walking on eggs, she passed over his body without so much as brushing his garments with her huge feet. Snyder, despite his reckless bravery, got up looking slightly and hugely triumphant. "I knew I could trust her," he said. And then he gave her as a reward a fine collection of various sized slices of bread. The Duchess sat down on her haunches before a round square table, on which Snyder spread out the bread, and picking it up slice by slice, with the end of her trunk, she passed it down her throat with evident relish.



## Loaves for the Hungry.

A Charity Established Over a Century Ago Still Bearing Rich Fruit.

Poor Women Made Happy by a Weekly Distribution at St. John's Chapel.

THE BENEVOLENCE OF A BAKERY.

Left-Over Loaves Handed Out Each Day to a Long Line of Hungry Men—Charity in Restaurants.

Foremost among the many practical charities of this great, big-hearted metropolis is the old bread-giving benevolence, long established and faithfully kept up for many years. No happier way of helping the really worthy poor could be conceived than that of supplying to them the staff of life, the bread that is to keep them alive. None but those deserving, or in sad need of aid, would apply for this sort of assistance. Two million loaves of bread have been given to hungry unfortunate in this city since this most commendable charity, verily a salvation from starvation, was established. Few New Yorkers know of the "Leake Dole of Bread," which has gone steadily on in its estimable work since 1792. John Leake, a millionaire of the last century, was a devout churchman and throughout his life an active philanthropist. Living, as he did, in aristocratic old New York, he was, of course, a constant attendant upon the services of Trinity Church and a patron of what was then, and is now, one of the best conducted churches in the city, old St. John's Chapel, on Varick street. When the benevolent old man died he left \$1,000 sterling to the rector and inhabitants of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the State of New York, to be put away safely, where the interest from it would be sufficient to purchase six-penny wheat loaves to a goodly number, to be distributed "to such poor as are most deserving," after every Sabbath morning service.

Of this interest, \$174.20 has been expended yearly for the purchase of the bread. This enables the chapel to distribute sixty-seven loaves every week. The day of delivery, however, has recently been changed from Sunday to Saturday. The most effective division of the loaves has been adopted. Eighteen women of the parish, who have large families call at the gray stone house of the old sexton, John Watson, every Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock, and take away enough big white loaves to keep the wolf from the doors of the little homes the pensioners. In the 104 years of its existence, this single benefaction has been the cause of making happy thousands of families.

Although not so old as the Leake Dole of Bread, the benevolence of the Fleischmann Viennese Bakery, at Tenth street and Broadway, is quite as well conducted and quite as meritorious. Nearly a million and a half loaves of bread have been given out from their bounteous bake-house to twice that number of hungry wanderers, in half loaves, in the last twenty years.

In 1876 Louis Fleischmann ordered that all the left-over bread of the day should be distributed every morning at 2 o'clock to whoever should first apply for it, a half-loaf to each man. In cold weather each breadwinner was to receive a tin cup full of hot coffee with his bread.

As if to make things worse for the wanderers who are fed at this haven are all men, just as they are all women who benefit by the Leake Dole of Bread. Between four and five hundred of all ages, some fairly well dressed, others in tatters, but all hungry, line up at the side door on Fifth street in the middle of every night. As early as 10 o'clock the hungry line commences to form, although the wandering wife who minks it up every night. They cannot expect a bite before 2 o'clock. There are usually enough men to extend all the way to Tenth street in the old watchman, William Grevel, and a pair of trusty tramps, old pensioners, give out the bread. On holidays they give a large piece of cake with each half loaf of bread, and the battalion of beggars is happy.

Several of the larger restaurants in the city dispose of their left-over food in this way. Dunston & Kennedy, for instance, who keep oyster houses on Sixth and Columbus avenues, in every one of their shops come with their baskets every day to carry away to their mamma and to their little brothers and sisters their food, for the hungry who are so much in need of it. Currier and several other restaurants do likewise.

ARION SOCIETY MASK BALL

It Is Believed Three Thousand Revellers Will Be Present and That the Event Will Surpass All Previous Years.

Unless all calculations fail, the annual Winter carnival and mask ball to be given by the Arion Society, in Madison Square Garden, February 11, will surpass all previous efforts of the society to present a novel and brilliant scene. A most striking innovation will be a ballet comprising 150 of the best and prettiest professional dancers money can secure. The procession will include six floats, representing Arion and Prince Carnival, Red Riding Hood, the Sleeping Beauty, Aladdin, Cinderella and Babes in the Wood, the last illustrated in the accompanying pictures, and described as follows:

Female herald with banner: "Babes in the Wood," "Hansel and Grete." Each float will be made to fairly scintillate with electric lights. Each float will also be attended by a retinue of appropriate retainers, and the costumes of the one thousand or more characters in the procession will be made from special designs and as costly as if the carnival were to be enduring instead of a transitory flash of brilliance of a night in the social firmament.

Eighteen hundred costumes have been made for members of the society, and after the procession is over all the figures upon the floats and in their retinues and the one hundred and fifty fair dancers in the corps de ballet will mingle in the mad whirl of the masquerade in the same costumes. This will, it is believed, insure at least 5,000 revellers on a mere admission of those of the general public, who will costume themselves.

A Hoodoo.

[Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.]

Talk about hoodoos. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has an engine that is renowned in that particular. It is No. 204, and is used almost exclusively on the Front street connection track. They say that every time it passes through classic Rat Row every negro along that thoroughfare runs as if the angel with the cloven foot were after him. It is a remarkable fact, and yet a matter of record, that if a negro is struck or run over by a street car, the train, the engine is always 204. The colored denizens have found this out, and they give her a wide berth. The last work of 204 was to slip up on a big colored woman who was picking up coal in the track. It struck her and she fell, and threw her to one side, but fortunately did not seriously injure her. But 204's reputation as a hoodoo did not suffer on account of that.

## Nobility Dwells in Tenements.

An East Side Colony Composed of Titled Hungarians.

Pathetic Efforts to Retain Undimmed the Memories of the Past.

PRIDE TOLD BY DINGY DOOR PLATES

Evidences of Aristocracy Which Crop Out Only Upon Occasions of Great Moment—Exclusion Personified.

There is a curious little colony of Hungarian noblemen on the East Side which contains enough titled gentry to run a fair-sized kingdom. The presence of all these satellites of royalty does not in any way endanger our democratic institutions. Although they find this country well enough to live in, they have not evinced a strong desire to adapt themselves to our manners and customs. On the contrary, they prefer to live in a little world of their own. This is because they feel that Dame Fortune has been unkind to them and thrown them among the masses. Being aristocratic birth they feel that while they have been brought, so far as their fortunes are concerned, to the same level as their unpretentious neighbors, they still retain their ancient lineage, although they are not in a position to exercise the prerogatives that formerly went with their title.

A phasing council that they entertain is that they are only undergoing a temporary embarrassment, and that they would be unworthy of the blue blood that courses through their veins if they were to throw off the ways of the Old World and take on those of the New. There is one thing about this moth-eaten colony of nobility, and that is, they are not snobbish and do not attempt to impress those they come in contact with with the fact that there was a time when they possessed power and means, if not affluence. There is a quiet, reserved air about them, and a certain courtly manner that stamps them as of noble birth, and not imitators. Any Hungarian who attempts to enter their society by aping gentility is immediately cast forth as an impostor.

It seems odd to read in the hallway of a dark and noisome tenement the door-plate on which is inscribed a title prefixed to the name of the occupant of such humble quarters. Yet scattered through the neighborhood of East Tenth street and Second avenue are a score of such places, bearing similar inscriptions. Among these one reads such high-sounding names as "Baron de Bayatou," "Chevalier Bossanyi," "Baron Boleki," "Baron Kermeny," "Baron Bares," and many more. There are several Bohemian resorts in this neighborhood, which are much affected by this moth-eaten nobility. The Cafe Boulevard and the Cafe Manhattan are frequented by Hungarians of rank and of very much lower classes.

The crowded avenue, with its noisy traffic and rather dingy architecture, makes a very curious setting for these old world types. It is only necessary to enter one of these low doorways in order to witness a scene which has been transplanted bodily from the ancient cities of Hungary to the sound of the roar of one of New York's elevated railroads. The Hungarian tongue is, of course, the order of the day, and in this picturesque interior, the guests sit about little round tables, where they are served by waiters in uniform, and the orders given in the Hungarian tongue. Of course no such resort would be complete without a plentiful supply of very good music. As the evening progresses the merriment becomes more and more animated. Questions of art, politics and religion are discussed with the same freedom and candor, to the fartherland. A peculiar characteristic of these gatherings was the fact that the family groups, who were one about the tables, were seldom broken. The drinking and in these Bohemian resorts, of course, every one drinks—seems to be a means of creating good feeling, and ends in itself. These gatherings should be witnessed on Saturday nights if one would see them at their best. They are, of course, open to every one who is a good fellow. If one cares to see them break up, however, he will find himself very late, indeed, or rather very early, in getting home.

The proprietors of the most famous of these cafes, when seen the other day, were unwilling to make any definite statement as to the exact number of titled Hungarians in this colony. More than one of them quoted instances where Hungarians of high rank had voluntarily dropped their title and assumed the democratic title of "Mr."

It is almost pathetic to observe the efforts of these people to preserve reminders of a past environment. Perhaps a stately bedstead with four posts and heavily draped curtains, much of their wealth is expended in a cheap furniture, a relic of bygone grandeur. On a vulgar barge that would not be permitted in the most refined of the city, the aristocrat resists his lady's dressing case. The toilet articles are sadly worn, but their workmanship bears mute evidence of the past wealth of the purchasers. An inflated fan, on the ivory handles of which is painted some delicate flowers, rests at the bottom of a cheap-made trunk. In their day commanded the respect of every loyal subject. This is a sad state of affairs, and yet, on some event of great importance in the colony that it is brought out and permitted to mix cheek by jowl with the plebeian letters that go to make up Uncle Sam's mail.

Grant as a Talker.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

"My husband," said Mrs. U. S. Grant to an interviewer, the other day, "could talk very well if he wished to, though it was often hard to get him to talk. He seldom spoke about the war, and there were some subjects which he would never take up of his own accord. He would never allow me, however, to make a mistake in his name, and I often made one. He would not let me call him 'General' until I had said 'Mr. Grant' first. He was very particular in all his details. He grew interested as he talked. His face lighted up at such times, and he expressed himself in good language. He was a very well-read man, and during most of his life was a hard student."

Arguments of '49.

[Auburn Advertiser.]

An antique document of unusual interest was unearthed in the archives of the Cayuga County National Bank, and has been wisely presented to the Cayuga County Historical Society for preservation. It is the original charter of association of the Cayuga Joint Stock Company. It is a document of ten lines, and embodies twenty-four articles, and bears date of February 15, 1849. It will be remembered that these famous articles were the basis of the charter of the Golden Gate on the good ship Builders and that the voyagers were to be paid out of the stock of the company and signing some very stringent articles of agreement.